

Rev David Trumbull  
Valparaiso Chile.

Jacksonville. Jan 7 1826.

I have at last heard from you. What a pleasure! I could see you on your quarter deck, stretched out with your back against a pile of spare spars & the mainmast stuck into a beam beside you, the sails lazily flapping overhead as the ship rolling long & heavily, first to one side & then to the other, & then with a jerk fully forward and so in everlasting monotony of motion, finding patience to a looking glass polished;— and my spirit was with you. It is like seeing a bill o' the loon, nevertheless, — for when I looked for you, you were no longer there — but round the Horn; and my spirit met on your shores & the shores of your ship, in the calm. Poor unintuitive knowers that we are. Let news be a day old & it is false. We look at Sirius, but Sirius is myriads of miles in space to the side of when we look. The starlight comes down, but it is false that the star is there, because the news is old.

And in the mental universe we saw no better, for while I am telling you I am sad, I become joyful by the act of telling; & when I say I rejoice I grow sad that you can't rejoice with me. My letter tells you in either case a falsehood; Sirius is passed to one side. Must this traverse ten thousand leagues of land and sea before you read it? Must months of the unknowable future work its will upon both of us before you read this like struggling to be a truth? And my soul can in an instant of time pass all space and be one with yours in Chile or in Weann? Surely this world is not dwelling place forever, nor its laws to rule the modes of our eternal being.

I rejoice in the prospect of your pleasant voyage, and own the emotion that your situation was not <sup>an</sup> unpleasant one as I feared it would be. You are satisfied then with Neptune? Good. The old gentleman is fickle and has his favorites, I see. Or rather, his favorites have different characters and deserve his favor in dif<sup>t</sup> degrees. But I believe you would be happy any where, my dear fellow. The Lord grant it may be always & increasing so. I do think that one's self happiness is an important prerequisite to one's usefulness. The unhappy man is too much taken up with his own sorrows; to take much benevolence of other people's pains. It is frigate business accounts then one, "to rejoice always"; as we have before this often said to each other.

Your account of the crew interested me much. God grant you may have stored much good seed in good ground. But you'll never hear of its springing probably until they hunt you out in heaven. And your teachers Spanish

was certain "Cutting High Dutch," from your own account. I knew  
you would be pleased with Stilling, or perhaps I sh<sup>d</sup> say, interested, for there  
are some very pleasant traits about it. Allison I have read but a few pages  
of in the beginning & found very dry. If you could have substituted Stilling &  
Allison with your drill, you would have cut a figure of complicated oddity  
& waste as you, David. Hy: a peaceful, punitarian, Princetonian  
to handle pike & gun! Who would have heard so strange a narrative! And  
that to show your courage when there was no enemy. I warrant me  
your hearts would have bettishen had love in sight. May your drill  
in spiritual warfare be as pleasant and more profitable. May you  
overcome all obstacles and fight the good fight of faith & receive the crown.  
Be a martyr, David, if need be. What are a few years of life, or a few  
words of flame, or a few tears of friends, to the recompense of reward?  
The days of your life are pleasant to me because I know you are serving  
our Master; the day of your death will be one of the happiest in my life  
because though you leave me here, you go yourself to be lost in bliss  
in his bosom. I parted from you without a sigh, because I felt that I  
was with you very often; so I could bear of your death without a sigh  
for you would be before the Court to get a coronet. You say your regard  
& affection are not lessened by distance, and I thank you for it. I share  
the same longing to be loved that others have, but extend it to few: not  
is it silly or wrong, but a fall of nature — not unknown to be spoken of,  
too much impatience of officiousness, and insincerity.

If our Captain must have been a fine fellow, and if all captains  
were such like, how different would be the effect upon the ocean's  
shores, of the landing of ocean's sons! The isles would then rejoice. Pre-  
sent him my best respects, if possible, as a man & as a Christian.  
How you had a Captain N<sup>o</sup> 2 on board, if you had Straus's, Leben Leeu.  
I told you my opinion of that book, in Princeton; how it overwhelmed me  
for the time in despair & drove me back upon my heart's internal convictions  
that the things the gospel tell, are so, because they must be so. Oh David,  
that book is inspired: inspired of the adversary. No mere man could  
have written it. And now you say it is sailing with mind & grace  
around the world? Let it go & the Devil enjoy it as his vade mecum,  
but God reigns and Jesus shall triumph. He shall put all enemies  
under his feet. Glory to grace for all his friends! blessed letter! friends  
of Christ the omnipotent, one! Dwell the hope maketh us ashamed.  
Let us hold it fast unto the end.